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COVER PHOTO OF JACKIE BY LEE FORBES

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When we made the rather obvious observation that a reader decrying our pictorials of black men dominating white women was a racist asshole (*Chain Mail*, February 2009), we figured it wouldn't be long before the illiterate ramblings of his fellow hate mongers would start to pile up. As predicted, the hate mail dribbles in, replete with the usual vile nonsense about the horrors of interracial sex, particularly in the context of BDSM. We could offer a few theories as to why this so skeeves a certain kind of guy, but that's a variation of his game and we don't play it.

Indisputably, if those so quick to denounce kinky behavior between players of different colors were to divulge the nature of their own sexual enthusiasms to most of those they know, they'd discover that they too belong to a persecuted, misunderstood minority. By remaining in the closet as most undoubtedly do (bullies being cowards as a pretty reliable rule), they shield themselves from the reality that kink sex, or as we saw all too vividly in the passage of California's Prop 8, any kind of sex other than the most conventional, is also a political piñata. BDSM, and the creative representations of it you see in this magazine, is equally deplored by Holy Joes and neo-con "radical feminists" alike.

Ironically, those most likely to be supportive toward unconventional sexual orientations in the real world, as opposed to merely indulging them in sweaty, guilt-ridden secrecy, would be the same people who have no problem with either gay marriage or interracial sex, even if neither is a personal concern. Those individuals believe in a pluralistic society that respects differences and appreciates diversity. Thankfully, we must have quite a few citizens of that persuasion, to judge from the recent election, but prejudice dies hard and it dies ugly. But when progress is made, those who despise it will respond with greater viciousness.

For our part, we're going to go right on showing the many faces of creative sexuality, including interracial D/s, and rejecting the nonsensical view that prejudice of any kind serves any minority well.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

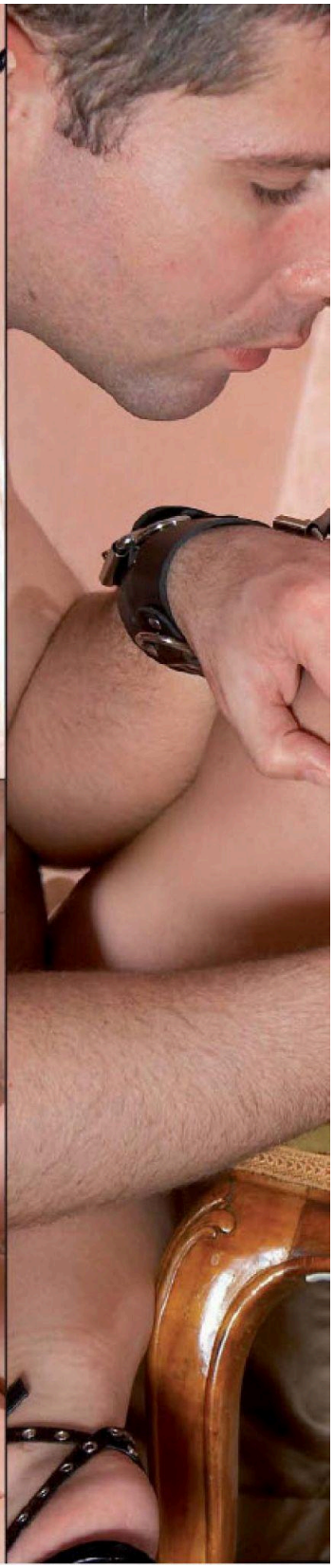
Misty &Totti

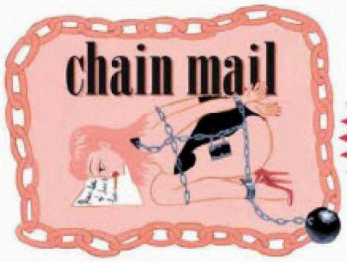
Suite for the Sweets

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEXKICKS

I find Misty in the posh hotel room, prepared just right—angel's face perfectly made up, just a bit of wrapping around her most tender treats for me to strip off, delicate collar around her soft throat. She can't wait to show me how well she's learned to jack me with her wrists tied behind her. Concentrating totally, she sucks dick like it's her only source of nourishment. She's got herself in such a state waiting for me, she's already begging to come. I have to gag her before inserting the multi-pronged Japanese tickler or her screams will get us in trouble. As always, she has to piss after, pleading adoringly for the bowl, using her mouth again to show her gratitude for it, unashamed by the yellow streams spattering on steel.

Loosened up for total fuckability, Misty settles onto my throbbing rod with a sigh, swirling herself in accelerating circles for maximum friction. She comes easily this way too, but soon she's pleading for it in her ass, with which she serves my wants and hers the best. Such dirty tastes go well with such an innocent face. I pack her tail deep and hard, twisting her around to feel every millimeter of her hot, greasy rectal membranes. At last, I can only give her the proof of her pleasing submission, my ass-juice-slimed slab unloading down her eager throat. Sucking me clean, she extracts every drop, smiling up at me with messy chin, knowing she's been every bit as tasty as she looks.





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A REALLY BIG CASE OF NICORETTE GUM FOR THE GENTLEMAN

I've noticed that, while some of your pictorials contain smoking pictures, it isn't really a theme throughout. The cover sometimes bills the sets inside as if I could expect more than a puff or two. I know not everyone has the same kinks as me, but smoking is becoming more and more taboo in society and I would really enjoy some pix of girls smoking while masturbating, doing fem-dom scenes or BJs. You could highlight different smoking styles: inhaling, exhaling, drifting, holding and dangling. I love *The Grove*. The mistress with a cigarette in her possession at all times is really a delight. She really turns me on. Please keep doing what you do.

—The Smoking Guy, via e-mail

WE'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO YOU ON THAT

I have been a subscriber for two years now and must say I love your magazine. It certainly has everything. Well, almost everything. How 'bout some fem-dom and having some of the women make men do men and wear women's clothing? All in all, TABOO is fantastic, but I think there are probably other viewers who would like to see some of this also. I also wanted to agree with the fans who think Jandi (*Jandi and Ariel—Tongue Tied*, November 2008) is beautiful. Keep her coming back.

—S.Z., Long Island, New York

NAKED CAME THE READER.

I read TABOO naked. I get so hard that I have to. The March 2009 issue was wonderful. I sincerely love Britney (*Britney and Marcus—Straight-to-A-Student*) and Kelly (*Jana and Kelly—Where There's Smoke There's Desire*)! ***—Mr. Peter W., via e-mail***

CINDY AND ANGEL
LEARNING
HER LICKS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE BAYLOCK

Budapesten

Budapesten

It's not like I miss the notes deliberately. Well, maybe I do. I know I'll be bent over with my skirt up in front of the piano in a heartbeat. I get the strap right off, heating up my ass cheeks and all points in between. She makes me lie on the piano with my legs up and open for a stinging pussy-flogging. I cry and whine but that just gets her juicy. She's already half-naked when she splays me to the wall for a final round of belting. Cindy probes my anus with a finger to remind me of where things might go if I don't do better at sucking her clit than I do with my studies. No worries there. I'm a virtuoso at getting her off, not that this saves me from a few hard swats down the back while I'm at it. I know she likes hurting me just for fun, and I like it too, but it would ruin things if I admitted that. I just whimper and tongue her from the rear, wanting to rub my burning backside but knowing better.

Now it's time for Cindy to bring out her own "instrument," the thick, black strap-on. I may not be able to play worth a fuck, but she sure knows how to make me sing, slapping my raw rump while she pounds out the perfect internal rhythm. When we're both sweaty and satiated, I promise to do better next week, but we both know I'm lying. The more remedial instruction I get, the better we both like it.

TABOO's ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO

Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, puckerup.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

Dear Anal Advisor,
I really like licking my wife's ass a lot. We discovered this while I was going down on her and decided to venture to her backdoor and see what happened. It turned her on immensely, even more than licking her pussy, it seems. I just want to make sure what we're doing is safe. After licking her bare anus and probing with my tongue, should I rinse with a certain mouthwash to kill possibly harmful bacteria? *—Tongue Tied*

Dear Tongue Tied:
Welcome to the wonderful world of rimming! Tonguing butt-hole is lots of fun, but it does have some risks. You said you're married, but I don't know for how long and don't automatically assume you're monogamous. There may be readers out there who are neither married nor monogamous, so I want to address your question from all angles. It's important for sex partners to be tested for sexually transmitted infections, since ass-licking can put them at risk for gonorrhea, chlamydia, herpes, syphilis, HPV, and hepatitis A. Fortunately, there are no recorded cases of HIV transmission through rimming, but those other potential consequences are not to be taken lightly.

In general, the rimmer is at higher risk than the rimmed, but if the rimmer has a cold sore, bleeding gums, or cut on the mouth, neither is safe. If you're monogamous and have tested negative for all STIs , your remaining concern is the other organisms that live in the rectum and anal canal. Not all are harmful, but some can be, especially intestinal parasites or E. coli.

The good news is that if you're both in generally good health, risks are pretty minimal. Make sure your wife bathes before your ass-licking sessions. A warm shower with a mild soap can lessen the concentration of bacteria around her anus and just inside the anal canal. She can also take an enema to flush out her lower rectum. There is no research about using mouthwash after rimming, but it certainly won't do any harm and it does kill some germs.

Dear Anal Advisor,
I'm a 25-year-old guy and enjoy sex with my girlfriend very much. We've had plenty of vaginal sex, and now would like to explore the world of anal sex. After watching your movie *Expert Guide to Anal Sex*, I felt confident to try it. I got one finger in her ass and she had her first anal orgasm! But I still have some lingering concerns about contamination. As we all know, the ass is one of the dirtiest parts of the human body. How will I overcome my worries about this so we can fully embrace butt-sex? *—Fear of Filth*

Dear Fear:
This question dovetails nicely with the previous one. While it's true that some fecal matter may be present in her anal canal and rectum, with good bowel habits and proper hygiene, the rectum does not have to be the dirtiest part of the body. First, you should focus on all the pleasure this activity brings both of you. I'd go as far as to recommend some positive visualization. Practice visualizing your cock inside her pink, happy, clean asshole. This can help you to let go of any negative images you have in your mind or fears of a messy experience. Second, you can ask your girlfriend to do the enema before anal sex as I suggested above. I recommend plain, warm water (no soap, no other ingredients) to rinse out her rectum. She should do it at least two hours before you start your backdoor play. These techniques should go a long way toward helping you get over your dirty-butt anxiety.

Dear Anal Advisor,
I have a dildo that's seven-and-a-half inches long for anal penetration. In the two months I've had it, I've learned to take the entire insertable length in my booty, so I think I am ready to go up a size. I want something longer, but with greater girth. Can you recommend something that will make me scream in ecstasy? What are some of the best toys for self-stimulation? Should I get a blow-up doll with a dick? *—Screamer*

Dear Screamer:
There are lots of large dildos on the market, but I always recommend silicone toys. Silicone is pliable and resilient. It conducts body heat and vibration. Because it's not porous like rubber or PVC, it's very easy to clean. If you're looking for something thick, Randy by Vixen

Creations is awesome. It's got the diameter of a soda can! Vixen also makes a dildo called Outlaw, eight-and-a-half inches long and over two inches in diameter. Tantus offers a new giant called Hoss that's 11 inches long and should keep you busy for a while. If you like metal toys, the Eleven from NJoy simply must be on your wish list. It's expensive, but it's a size queen's dream-come-true!

For masturbation, I always find longer toys are easier to hold and maneuver, especially baton-style toys with handles. You may also want to investigate dildos with suction cups on the ends. You can stick them to the shower wall, for example, and ride to your heart's content. Blow-up dolls make for good punch lines, but when it comes to penetration, I am not sure how they work, really. There is a John Holmes Fantasy Doll, but I haven't been able to find anyone who's actually used it. Just as there are replicas of female porn stars' pussies and asses, there are replicas of male porn stars' penises, and they are some of the biggest dildos I've seen. They're molded mostly from gay porn stars, but a dildo is a dildo, so who cares?

Dear Anal Advisor,

My boyfriend and I read your book and loved it! We've been trying to have anal sex for a few months now. We've been using tons of lube. I've been wearing butt-plugs to get my ass used to being stretched, and I enjoy doing so. However, we have come across a problem. I can't seem to get the plug, or him, in deeper than about four inches. Once we get that far, it hurts deep inside, kind of like a pressure or pulling pain. We try to keep the plug in to just before the pain point to see if I'll open more, but when we try for deeper, the results don't change. He's slid his finger inside and says my rectum has a sharp turn with a kind of drop toward the front of my body, and that it feels solid, like muscle where the sticking point is. When we use flexible anal-bead toys, I'm fine and can take much more than just four inches. It's really odd, and I was wondering if this is just how my colon is made or could there be something really wrong with me? Or is this normal for some people? Will I ever be able to take him fully? I've seen pictures of people taking eight-inch, even ten-inch toys and cocks in their butts, so it kind of worries me that I can't take nearly as much. Any advice?

—Stretched to My Limit

Dear Stretched:

The rectum is not a straight tube. It has two curves in it. At about the four-inch mark, you're probably at the first. What your boyfriend is feeling is the rectal wall, which is why it seems so solid to him. You can't stretch out your rectum. However, you can learn to relax the entire pelvic floor, which relaxes the sphincter muscles and helps the rectum to open up as you get more excited. Usually, as you become aroused, the rectum expands and the curves become less pronounced, making penetration beyond four inches comfortable for most people. But everyone's body is different, and it sounds like your curves are very pronounced. I think the anal beads work because they are small and pliable and can snake around the bend, which a dick, butt-plug or dildo can't do as easily. I advise you to experiment with lots of different positions using a dildo that's at least six inches long. Some positions can help to subtly "straighten out" the rectum, including different variations of doggy-style,

and even pile driver, (in which you begin on your back and fold your legs in front of you toward your head). While changing positions, make note of any that feel especially comfortable or where you feel like the dildo can go farther inside without pain. Keep trying until you find a posture that works with the dildo, then give it a try with your boyfriend's cock. Lube, patience and experimentation will probably get you where you both want to go.

Send your questions to:
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CAGE MATCH

Fiction by
ERNEST GREENE

Photography by John Donegan

THE STANDING CAGE SEEMS AN EASY PUNISHMENT, AT FIRST. The bars are cold on bare flesh, but at least they're not wired or spiked or anything. And there's room to turn around. But it's impossible to sit or lie down, and after a couple of hours perched naked atop cruelly high heels, it becomes a hell of cramped muscles and aching limbs. It also presents Chelcie to me in a particularly shameful and humiliating way, like a naked, rebellious animal in need of close confinement, which is not entirely inaccurate. I'm sure she's done something to deserve this, but I'll find out what in do course. The tension of the moment has everything to do with how little we know about each other. We've never seen each other before and I'm just here to do a job. That's what she is to me, just another naked girl in a cage who did something bad and needs to be reminded of why slave girls should be good girls.

Circling, I do ask her name, even though I know it, and why she's being disciplined, although it really doesn't matter. She'll be absolved when I'm satisfied with her obedience, however long or short a time that takes.

"This cunt could not keep her hands off herself, Sir," she begins, looking me directly in the eye. Clearly, she knows how to behave, she just doesn't always care to. "Slave ignored a summons to serve in the parlor downstairs because she was masturbating herself to orgasm and didn't hear the buzzer."

"Does this happen frequently?"

"This cunt is also a slut, Sir."

I move in close. Her long legs tremble. I can smell her sweat and the lingering scent of her arousal. They didn't bother to clean her up before taking her downstairs. Casually sliding my arm through the bars, I grab her by the crotch and pull her up against the wall of the cage.

"You stink like a whore."

"Thank you, Sir."

All that and a sense of humor too. Chelcie knows she's a fine piece of fuck meat and that no matter how often she breaks the rules she'll always be popular.

"Bet you'd like to get out of there," I suggest, casually teasing her hard clit. Her smooth parts are still nicely lubricated. She thrusts her hips out to meet my hand, grinding her pelvis against the steel rods.

"Guess you didn't get to have that orgasm."

"No, Sir. They caught me just before I got myself off."

"And right now, uncomfortable as you are, you still can't decide which you need more, getting off or getting out of there."

"I do want out very badly, Sir."

"Show me."

It's a good show. Chelcie holds up her tits and offers them to me to pinch, suck and crop, bends back and spreads her slit to show me her pretty, pink membranes.

"I've been told I suck cock well, Sir."

She squats down and brings her face forward at the perfect altitude. It's convenient that I generally work naked. All I have to do is step up and she goes noisily to work, lapping and slurping, packing her cheeks with dick. Yes, she does suck cock well, even when distracted by discomfort and the need for something more. I let her do it long enough to impress me with her head swirling and her pitiful, longing gaze, but this is merely expected. Backing away, I offer her a real challenge.

"Maybe you need that climax first. I'll let you have it if you can make it happen where you are."

A low whimper escapes Chelcie's lips and her excellent posture slumps for an instant, but she pulls herself up and squares her shoulders.

"Sir will do whatever he likes with this cunt no matter how hard she tries to please him."

"That's correct. Still, it's always wise to be affectionate toward one's trainer."

Her lips curl in a half smile as she reaches out to casually jerk me, bringing us close with only the hard uprights in between. She even slides out a long thigh to rub me from underneath. We kiss through the bars. She's good at that too, unhurried and with no trace of whatever desperation she feels. Her hand moves are pleasingly languid.

"Would you like to fuck me this way, Sir?"

"Yes. But instead, you're going to fuck yourself."

Turning away, I glance back to catch her momentary look of resentful disappointment. She thought she had me there for a minute. Well, if this job was easy anyone could do it.

Everything I need is neatly arranged in the chamber. The thick impaling dildo and the long dick on a stick will do nicely. I slide the former into Chelcie's tiny prison and hold the latter at parade rest. She just stands there a beat with a sullen expression.

"Go on. You know what to do."

Now her gaze is positively smoldering with hate, but she positions the mounted prod carefully between her legs and slowly raises the shaft.

"I want to see it go all the way in until it's uncomfortably deep."

"Yes, Sir," Chelcie says between gritted teeth. It's okay. She can love me later. First we have something to prove. First, she bends down, showing me her ass, and sucks the fake cock the way she sucked me, just to get it nice and wet with long stringers from the back of her throat. Then she turns back to face me. Defiantly, she kicks her leg all the way up to display her gash as lewdly as possible and inches the thick rubber phallus into her squelching depths. She makes a real display of it too, circling her hips and moaning while she takes it in. When it's finally buried to its fake balls, she fixes it in position with the locking pin and puts her foot back on the floor, a move sure to thrust the rude intruder up against her cervix.

Gripping the cage walls to steady up, Chelcie starts her motor running, pumping up and down as far as the depth of the penetration will allow, rocking and circling on the spit, moaning and panting. She squeezes

her nips good and hard, going the extra inch to hurt herself. Clearly, she's figured out my playbook. I'm going to make her do all the work. Or almost all of it.

There is that dick on a stick to be reckoned with.

"Open your mouth, good and wide."

Without breaking rhythm, Chelcie licks her lips and shows me the back of her throat, which is exactly where I'm going with this. Like the dildo she's fucking, the one I work in past her jaws is wide and semi-rigid. It fills her face pleasingly, needing only a slight push to make her gag and choke. Saliva spills from the corners of her mouth and her face reddens, but she holds her breath and takes the evil as far down as it will go. I dip it in and out, each time going just far enough back to trigger the reflex that convulses her neck muscles. She's tearing up a bit now, but the fucking never stops. Her breathing, when I let her have it, grows more ragged. Her tits, shiny with perspiration and spittle, heave with every impalement, above and below. Shivering, nipples erect, nostrils flaring, she's right on the edge. But with her mouth full, Chelcie can't ask for permission. Slave's aren't allowed to come without permission.

Past caring, she jams herself down on the stake, bites down on the rubber stretching her jaws and lets it happen. Going stiff, a long, low growl rising from deep inside her, Chelcie grabs the bars and chokes herself until the tears and spit run down. I take away the dick on a stick and help her steady up.

"Very impressive, but strictly against the rules."

"I know, Sir," she gasps, "but I couldn't help myself."

"Every girl here uses that excuse. What additional penalty do you think you've earned with your lack of self-control?"

"A whipping, I suppose...Sir," she wearily concedes.

I agree. Opening the cage door, I motion her out and hand her the nipple clamps.

"Make them tight."

Still shaking from the force of her orgasm, Chelcie tries to focus on getting the clips in the right spots at the tip of each tit, closing the jaws until the stippled, engorged tissue bulges from the padded jaws. She hands me the loose chain that dangles in between. I lead her to the pillory, taking my time. It's fun to watch her clack across the floor while she's still dizzy. Nice movement all over. I'll enjoy fucking her myself when I'm done hurting her.

Lowering her head and extending her neck between the slats, Chelcie keeps very still. Clearly, she's been in this device enough to avoid needlessly bruising herself on it. Locking the stocks, I compliment her on how nicely her tits hang and the pleasingly lascivious presentation of her ass. She thanks me with evident sincerity. There's nothing unfriendly between us, nothing personal at all.

But I do take my tasks seriously and lay on the flogger accordingly, ordering her to count. Twenty-five strokes for the ass first, the stiff leather turning her butt-cheeks a lovely shade of crimson. The next ten are for her freshly unclamped, tenderized front, producing a serenade of yelps and cries as I sweep the lash up from underneath. Chelcie loses count and I have to start over at eight. Now she stamps her shod feet uncontrollably, begging me to just get on with it and fuck her like she

knows I will. Now, that's downright rude and merits five more directly between her open thighs. I warn her to stand perfectly still or risk another ten in the same spot.

"I hate you, Sir."

"I don't blame you."

Why shouldn't she? And why should I care? Finally tossing the whip aside, I come around behind her, take hold of her by the hips and bury my hard-on in her fuck-hole, burrowing slowly and relentlessly while the pillory holds her conveniently in place. I've held back a long time in the name of duty, and I intend to enjoy this thoroughly, plunging her sopping depths at my leisure, faster or slower as I please. Soon enough, she's fucking me back, shoving her tail out as far as she can to meet each in-stroke. At least this time, she begs for another climax. I let her have it, in return for what I know will be an impressive show of gratitude. A strong one she is, rattling the stocks so hard, I'm concerned she may break the apparatus.

Chelcie's ever so grateful to be chained on her knees after that. Off her aching feet and positioned to do a thing at which she knows she excels, she looks up at me from the block, straightening her spine, taking pride in being the good slave she can be when motivated. She's certainly motivated to give me the wettest, noisiest, most capable BJ I've had in some time, and I get quite a few in this line of work. Holding her head and skull-

fucking her roughly, I finish down her pipes, making her swallow every thick glob with a tight grip on her hair. She makes it all quite neat, sucking me so I emerge from her mouth clean and shining.

Then I turn to go. She'll be left in place for a bit to contemplate her misdeeds per the usual procedure. Chelcie calls after me and I turn to find her smiling.

"Sir, might I request you for next time?"

Funny, I was just thinking the same thing.

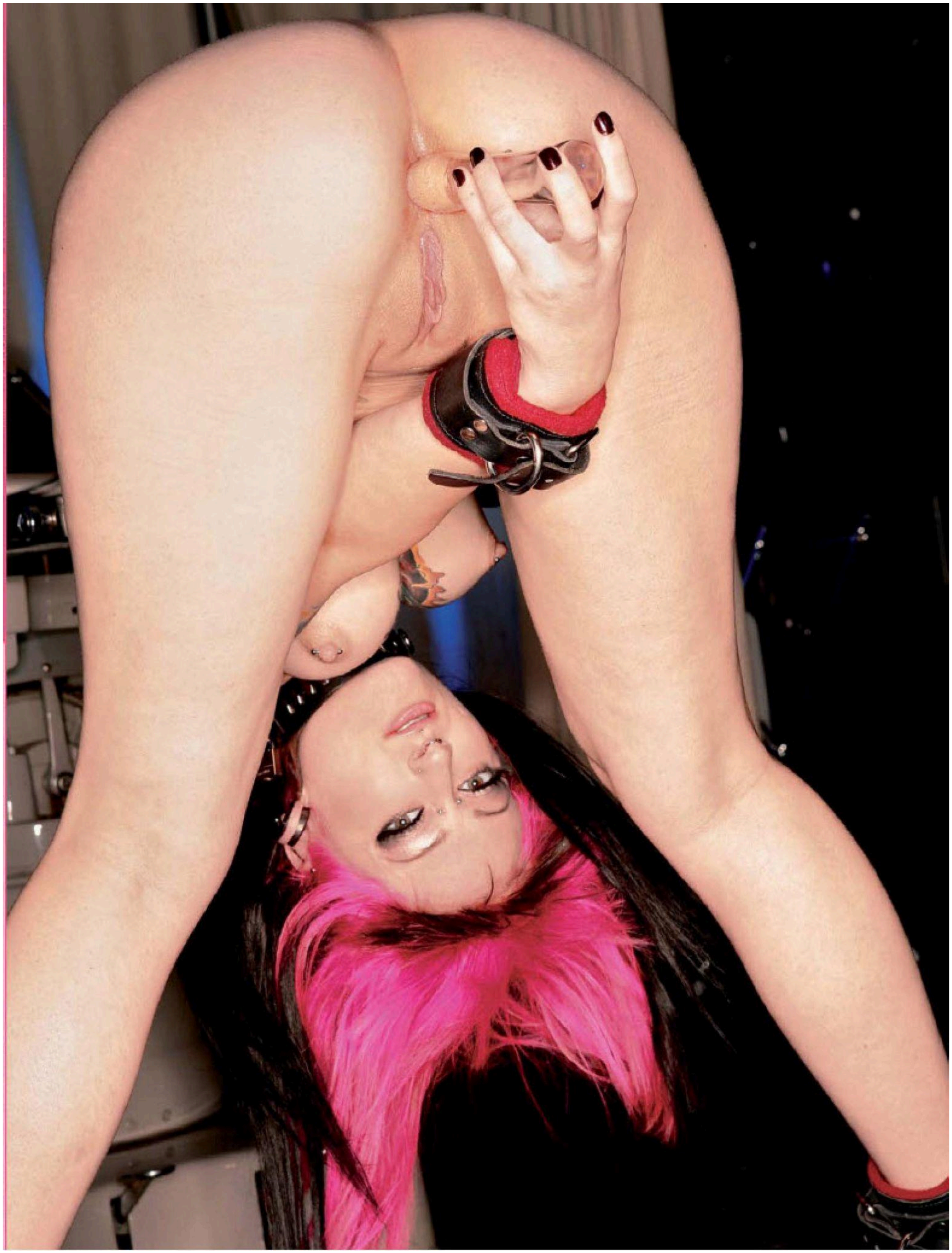
MANCHESTER MADE TO PLEASURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DONEGAN

Manchester's makeover is finally complete. Her Master comes to the clinic to inspect his personalized goods. Manchester's naked in the lab with her arms hoisted behind her. He examines her exotic, custom features: the delicate ink-work framing her working parts (including her feet, as Master likes footjobs). He tweaks the control ring through her septum, the nipple and navel, barbell studs, runs his hands over her body to check the complete and permanent removal of her body hair by laser, the slight anal stretching and clitoral enlargement. The pink hair befits a fuck doll who will spend most of her time locked in the playroom. He's pleased with all the externals, but what about the conditioning regimen?

For that, we let Manchester have her hands back with a nice, long chain between her cuffs. She gets the vibes first, one for each hole. Naturally, she inserts the anal reamer first, then applies the external buzzer to her slit. We time and count her orgasms. Nice and quick, especially from the rear one alone. Still, this is easy. How well does she take the electro-probes. Ordered to dial them past pleasure to pain, she twists the knobs until sweat shines on her flesh. The next wave of orgasms is longer, deeper, accompanied by cries, moans and uncontrollable twitching when the current finally reaches maximum. Highly satisfactory. He wants her dressed and in his car immediately, clearly eager to perform some of the tests in private. The clinic charges are happily paid.

At its best, ours is a highly satisfying occupation for all concerned.



Jackie

WELL-OILED MACHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FORBES

Chained to the wall in her service harness, Jackie tries not to shame herself with too much begging while her trainer gives her the inevitable thrashing with the searing dressage. How can such a light whip bite so hard? The weighted clit-clamp doesn't hurt, but the arousal it produces is humiliating, and holding it still during the last 20 strokes on her thighs is impossible, making the effect even worse. Then there's the time-out, squatting down with her elbows sleeved and her hair tied off overhead. The position makes holding back her fear-induced urgency even harder, but pissing without permission would start the whole process over.

After the pain comes the pleasure, just as inexorably. The relief of emptying her bladder is almost orgasmic, but her climaxes are strictly induced. Locked into the rigid metal frame, she has no control over the fucking machine working her relentlessly from behind. The speed is dialed up slowly to the perfect rhythm and though she tries to fight it, she comes from the relentless penetration until she thinks she hasn't got one orgasm left in her body. Of course, that isn't her choice either. Instead, she's suddenly freed and given the machine remote and a big vibe. One more climax and she might avoid another whipping. Sure enough, the last one is a howling, thrashing paroxysm.

A few more sessions and Jackie will make someone a fine slave, as reliable as the machinery that conditions her every response.

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xxoo Jackie

Kaidon

Kaidon is far too wild to serve indoors yet. Only a stint in the doghouse will bring her to heel. Hoping to distract her trainer with a bit of leg humping as he guides her on her leash only earns her a vicious spiked collar and matching chastity belt that dig into her tender flesh. Putting her through her positions this way makes Kaidon break a sweat in a hurry. Obviously, she needs hosing down, but staked to the ground with the nozzle focused on her tenderized cunt is like being showered with needles.

Instantly wishing she hadn't whimpered so much, Kaidon's bound roughly over a pile of logs and whipped hard with the training strap, which etches deep, crimson marks on her fair, redhead's flesh. It hurts like hell, but she just can't keep herself from shooting the trainer a defiant look over her shoulder. If he wants to break her, he'll have to work

Bitch School

PHOTOGRAPHY BY X-LAB CHICAGO

harder. She still looks surly and defiant even as she takes her piss privilege under his close supervision. Kaidon isn't the type to be tamed by shame. Fine then. Roped to her doggy domicile with a plastic bone in her mouth, she instinctively gets the thing wet with slobber at his suggestion. Sure enough, the hard, wide end of the thing is soon buried in her ass, which she must delicately perch on the sharp edge of a split log. At this rate, she'll be in the doghouse for a long time to come, and neither she nor her trainer are entirely sorry about that.

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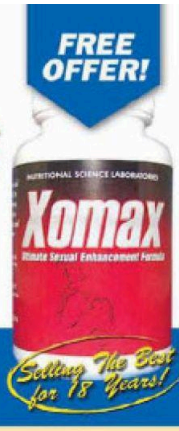

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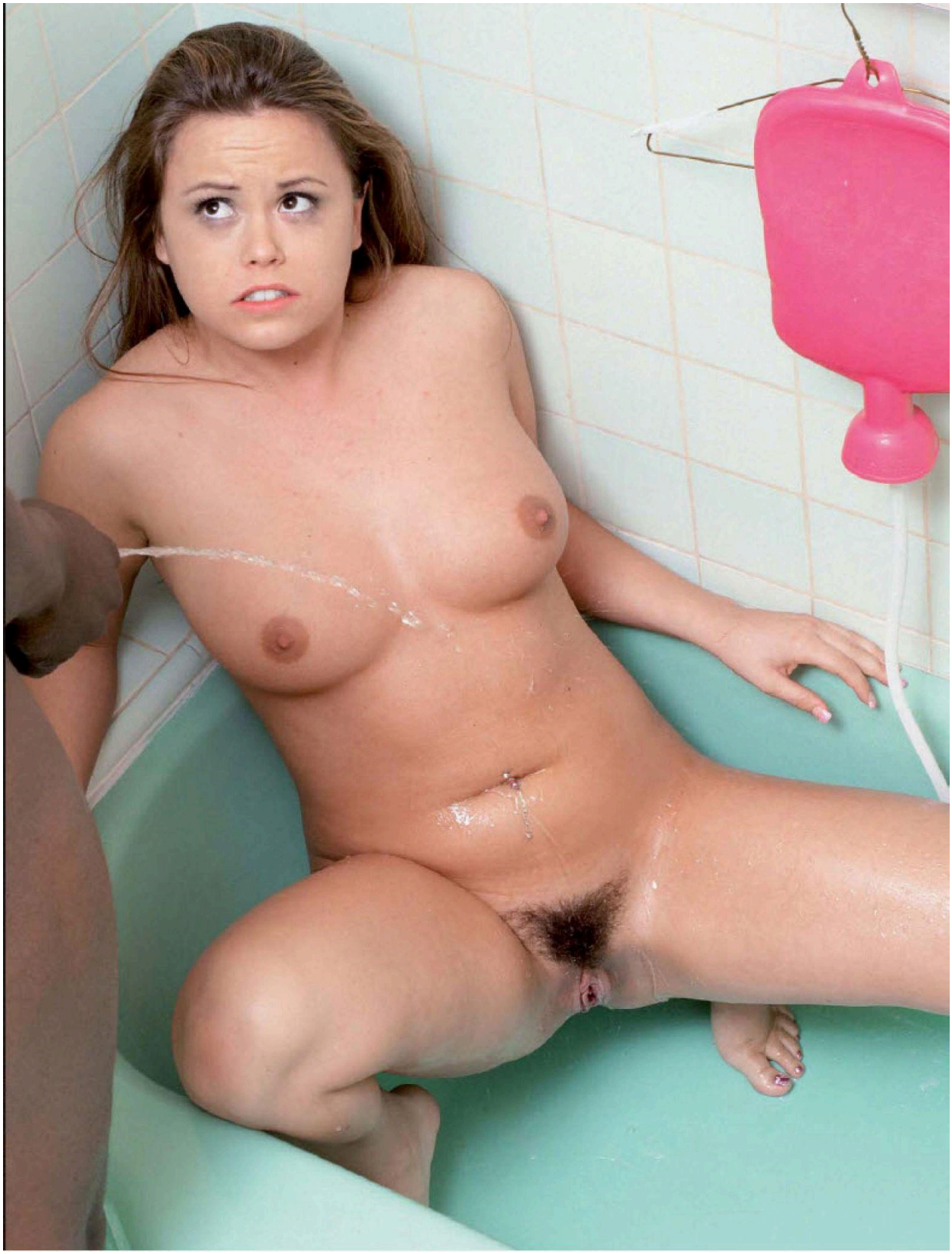
KACI & BYRON

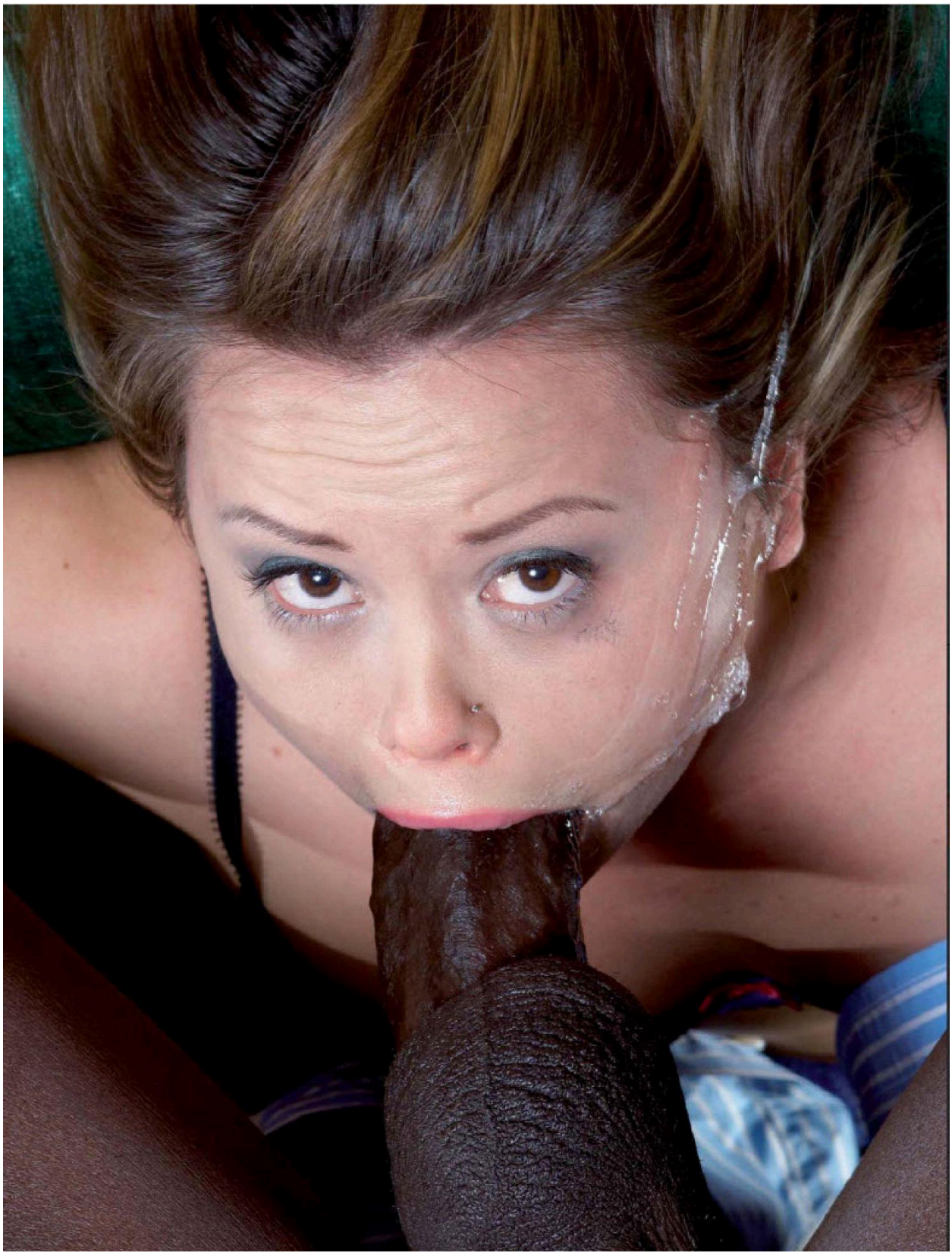
Payment in Full

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ

Dressed and chained for service, Kaci looks tremulously up at the tall black man to whom her Master owes a mysterious debt she must pay. In no hurry, he hogties and gags her, deciding what she deserves for her Master's delinquency. The way he flips her on her back to slap her with his huge member, sitting on her face without so much as a word does not bode well. But when he rolls her over and slides the huge tool into her fuck-hole, Kaci's outlook improves. He really knows how to use that thing, and the fact that she's supposed to hate it fills her with guilty arousal. Byron knows it to, expertly tweaking her hard, little button. Kaci offers her ass on command, but her obedience saves her nothing however.

Soon she's in the bathtub on her knees while he takes a leisurely piss over her naked tits. Blushing furiously, she loses control of her own fear-filled bladder. Rimming him fervently earns no mercy for peeing without permission. Having to expel the cold-milk punishment enema in front of a stranger makes her feel even more used and dirty. It's a relief when he finally jams his cock down her throat, skull-fucking her until he unloads with a huge explosion of cum that pours out all over her face. Leaving her a sodden, sobbing mess, he zips up and goes, account settled. Only afterward does Kaci settle in to masturbate over the memory. After all, she should get something out of the deal.





THE GROVE
BY ROBERTS
Oh Sonja..really.
ooohh..OOOH..OOOOHH!!..UGK..
AAAGH! UU-UUGHH!!
OOH FUCK! OOOHHH!!
Get my BAG, Kurt. We seem to be having a breakdown of discipline!!

These first, Sir?
Put some white rope out by the POLE too! Now!!
ooo..ooh..OOH!! MASTER D!! OH!!
M..Master..Please!! I can explain!
You're getting a bit off the leash again, you horny little BITCH you!
YEOOWW!! PLEASE!
AAAAAAAA!!!
SMAK!
You denied a trainer time with a new SLAVEGIRL?
That's OK.. We're about to be EVEN!
SLAP!

NO FUCKING her, you animal!! Just get a PREVIEW!!
I'll preview my cock all over the hot little whore!!
OWW!!!
You'll make sure she's clean and smells like roses!
And brush her teeth when you're DONE!!
No problem!!
Oh no..no.
SLAP!
Now you hot cunt! SUCK my DICK until I CUM!!
Oh my god..it's so..so BIG!! Oh!!
Ooooh!!!!

So! You take a girl away from Kurt, so you can get your slut bitch pussy and tits sucked, eh Sonja??
U..UU!!.NNN!!
OUWW!!
SMAK!
You need to be REMINDED of your PLACE, BITCH!
UUUUUU!!!
SLAP!!
OUU!!
SWAT!
PFFT..TT..!!
You fuckin' whore! You SWALLOW cock here!! You swallow,BITCH!!!

Coming Next Month In

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SPLIT SHIFT

Savannah can't wait for the day to end in the stark atelier where she pulls double duty. Under her modest work clothes, the red-latex bodysuit keeps her flesh slick with sweat, and the cutout tits and crotch remind her of the services she'll render when the closing bell rings. The boss is waiting with cuffs, straps and his new extra-large dildo to make her after-hours labor more challenging. It's a dirty job and she'll do whatever she's told to keep it.

MAXIMUM EXPOSURE

The phone on Carly's desk rings at noon sharp. He can't be serious. The stranger waits on the roof of the building. She's to strip naked above the whole city so he can chain her to the massive duct and prop her mouth wide with the dental spreader. Splayed open by every orifice, anyone might witness her total submission as he uses whichever hole he chooses. The shameful predicament makes her shamefully wet. At one of the anonymous windows of a nearby skyscraper, her owner watches through binoculars and smiles. He knows how to keep an eye on his property, especially when it's loaned out.

DRIPPING FOR A WHIPPING

Lena likes the clinging rubber on her own skin almost as much as she enjoys the sight of Tina packed into it. The slickness of its polished surfaces makes for just the right friction against bare, wet membranes. Once she's excited, Tina can't say no to Lena's cruel whims, offering up her pink, puckered anus for the reaming toy or waiting to lap at the bowl into which Mistress casually jets a river of scalding urine. Fortunately, they're both perfectly dressed for sudden showers.

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